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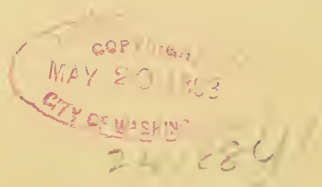
# The Booodle Temple

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# The Booodle Temple

*advert*  
R. H. VICKERS.



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1893.

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# THE BOODLE TEMPLE.

---

O, for a Sphinx to guard our Pharaoh's door,  
Watchful of eye and ear, by night and day;  
Alert to challenge all, behind, before,  
Who boldly tread the broad and beaten way  
Fronting the open portal's ample spread,  
Thronged by a surging crowd, who spurn delay,  
With lips compressed, and staring eyeballs red,  
And all their stubborn souls by one fierce passion led.

From North they come, with fair and rounded face;  
The East's contingent, hungry, spare and wan;  
The West pours in an eager, fearless race;  
The Southern host bears trace of vaunting gone,  
But still undaunted and in friendly guise.  
In restless rivalry the crowd moves on,  
Nor listens to the taunts and hard replies  
Which, flung from quivering lips, in rugged tones arise.

A mingled throng from every clime are they.  
Here stalwart Turk accosts the wily Greek,  
(Each striving to seize all the crowded way,)  
In tones which still of Navarino speak;  
Swarthy Sicilian beards the yellow Moor;  
Briton and Russ press hard the ebon cheek  
Of Senegambia's darkest. Romans here endure  
The scowl Sarmatia hurls, from slave's foul fate secure.

The brawny, plaided Scot, the soft Hindoo—  
 Japhet and Shem full typified in each—  
 Jostle in the crush; the plastic Jew  
 Elbows his sternest hater; Erin's speech  
 In words which all the garnered ire reveal  
 Of centuries' hate, yet cannot wholly reach  
 Its full expression, scorns to conceal  
 The one ambition's force which Jew and Gentile feel.

Bohemian, Finn and Lapp, a motley crowd,  
 Suevi and Norse, and dapper Japanese,  
 With mingled breath gesticulate aloud;  
 And China's slant-eyed sons with stolid ease,  
 Press to the goal, though distant and unseen:  
 Stout Magyar, too, and Goth contend with these,  
 In strong pursuit of that which aye has been  
 Man's cult, and guides his life in every human scene.

To check this ever growing, ceaseless host  
 Within a less than savage onslaught, now  
 Necessity's decree commands the most  
 Stern rule the dread relentless fates allow.  
 Arise! O Sphinx! in all thy might appear!  
 With terror's eye and ever darkened brow,  
 In aspect fierce, inspiring horrid fear,  
 To quell this surging mass, which swells from far and near.

Not as thy prototype on Libya's sand,  
 With features mild and sadly patient mien;  
 But mighty to subdue this lawless band;  
 Not silent, but with utterance hot and keen,  
 To pierce their ears, and with portentous roar  
 To chase the wrangling rabble from the scene  
 Which chokes the Pharaoh's ever open door;  
 However gorged with gifts, still clamorous for more.

Arise! O Sphinx! with tongues' immortal gift,  
 In all the tones of varied human speech,  
 Ready to smite with sharp retort and swift,  
 In aptest phrase, the native cry of each;  
 Not in pedantic form or classic mold  
 Which men employ when humbly they beseech  
 The rich or officed, but as when men scold  
 A base intruder's gall in words both clear and bold.

"*Mach dich hieraus*," in hoarse Teutonic shout,  
 "*Otez vous vite*," must swift as light succeed.  
 Fling "*Klidte se*," against the rabble rout,  
 "*Djao*." "*Idc praed stund*," "*Gant weg*," forth with speed  
 Thrust in their ears; "*Yetch pretch*," "*Va via*," "*Po*,"  
 "*Da fol*," "*Tischarée chuk*," nor stay to heed  
 Excuses. "*Larga se*," "*Eregj*," "*Pegen exo*,"  
 With "*Poga*," "*Gad ut*," "*Be aff now*," smite them high  
 and low.

They linger still, "*Fora di qua*" fling out;  
 "*Houce la*," "*Karathlan*," "*Be dubh dachce*,"  
 "*Chi kue*," "*Vattin*," in fiercer shout;  
 "*Gubh a mach*," "*Jdi ven*," "*Dete yuke*,"  
 "*Mach lath*," "*Yete vinni*," with gesture bold,  
 "*Gad vack*," "*Inkhala*," "*Dur bash*," "*Inshi*;"  
 High amid all the cacophonious scold  
 In one strong cry, "Get out," let all thy wrath be told.

With fearless spring repel the onward stride,  
 Nor heed the menaced blow. In ancient days  
 Importunate crowds by Nilus' muddy tide  
 Besieged their Pharaoh. Meek in gait and phrase  
 Their Sphinx endured, with gentle prayer and vow,  
 Each ruffian stroke and buffet, every phase  
 Of ribald wrong; her wounded lips and brow  
 In petrified disgrace retain those scars till now.

Beware! be strong! The temple's portals near  
 Entice the reeking rabble to its halls,  
 Where rapt imagination pictures clear  
 Thousand delights in pillar, dome and walls,  
 Clothing the scene with colors fixed and gay.  
 The truth no gazing worshiper appals.  
 He sees in fancy a divine array,  
 Splendid in gorgeous forms and clothed in endless day.

Three times revolving, earth surrounds the sun  
 With shadowed path; three times the circling year  
 In mingled light and shade its goal hath won;  
 And all these lengthened days and nights appear,  
 Peaceful and blessed, around those portals strong.  
 Listless the Sphinx may droop in peace; now here  
 Some casual foot awakes the echoes long,  
 Silent the vacant halls, dispersed the fervid throng.

But when its fourth course Sol's resplendent car  
 Begins to trace, there is a restless sign  
 Of gathering thousands hastening from afar,  
 By thirst and hunger led, to seek divine  
 Cousoling joys beneath great Boodle's dome;  
 Where universal hopes and griefs combine  
 To fix the seat of that mysterious Om,  
 The sacred fount of life; saints' beatific home.

Without, surpassing fair the stories rise;  
 Nude caryatid, arch and architrave;  
 While dome on dome ascending to the skies,  
 O'ertop the polished columns. Banners wave  
 To every breeze. O'er all the sheen of gold  
 Thrills to the core all throbbing hearts that crave  
 That strange seductive treasure which of old  
 Enslaves, entrances all who sigh as they behold.

Within, mysterious shadows' gloomy frown  
 Alternate mingles with a fitful gleam  
 Springing from deep recesses; strange lights crown  
 Column and arch, whose brightened angles seem  
 Stretched into vistas; niche and terrace rise  
 Tier upon tier, which fancy well may deem  
 An infinite succession; still the gloom defies  
 Investigation; all appears a glory to the eyes.

Beneath, a reeking bed of gathered mire  
 Fouled with the special dirt of every clime,  
 Unheeded in the one consuming fire  
 Of frenzied devotees. A thickening slime  
 Gathers on wall and arch, from noisome breath  
 Of vomit-nicotine. The vault sublime  
 Smeared with the sooty mass of pendent death.  
 Dinned by the thunder cries, none heeds what other saith.

Within a deep enclosure, raised on high,  
 Shrouded in gloom, the great god Boodle views  
 The fetid crowd; by moving limb and eye  
 Tokening perennial interest lest he lose  
 One smallest portion of the scene below;  
 With outstretched hand, disdaining to refuse  
 A single prayer, the rapture to forego  
 Of benisons on all who worship, high and low.

Sudden, the gazing multitude is hushed;  
 Silence profound imports some portent near;  
 Only is heard the anguished heart throb crushed  
 By pained suspense; now strained both eye and ear  
 To be the swiftest first to hear or see  
 Or seen or heard, or with the first appear.  
 Flash! On the god's stretched palm gleam brilliantly  
 Mysterious magic signs:—O. F. F. I. C. E.

Then awe, a shortening breath,—a sigh, a groan  
 Swells in a gasping sound through all the space;  
 Resounds each vault and isle; the anguished tone  
 Recalls to ear the fabled torment place.  
 Then gathered all into a mighty roar,  
 Torture and hate emblazoned on each face,—  
 Shouts the fierce crowd, low bending to the floor,  
 “Ave! Great Boodle, see thy faithful saints adore.”

Soon as each burdened heart itself recalls,  
 Heeds its own greed or grief and travail long,  
 Low in the dirt each boodle zealot falls  
 In posture abject; supplication strong  
 Pours in a passionate tone, with piteous cry,  
 Aside, again, with more of craft or wrong  
 Prepenes, are those the multitude espy  
 Ogling askance to catch great Boodle’s separate eye.

Again the procession forms; in close array  
 And long drawn ranks in solemn march and slow  
 The zealous votaries face in dire dismay  
 The dismal waiting, waiting, ere they go  
 Forward with draggled steps to Boodle’s throne;  
 To press with reverent lips the proffered toe  
 Smeared with unnumbered kisses like their own,  
 And swoll’n like Peruvian rocks with cumulate slime unknown.

Only the faithful worshipers who pass  
 The osculation ordeal, and abjure  
 All nobleness are gathered from the mass  
 For further sacrifice. Thus more pure  
 In baseness, all unmingled they proceed  
 Further in Boodle mysteries, and secure  
 More light and skill in that seducing creed  
 Which builds on Boodle’s shrine the throne of lawless greed.

But hush! A wondrous light at once illumines  
 The god and all the worshipers below;  
 Each heart a more than former hope assumes  
 Bidden profounder mysteries to know;  
 The great god's inner magic stands revealed.  
 The charms within more clear and beauteous grow;  
 The sweet delights which ever have appealed  
 To votaries apt and tried, from others all concealed.

The secret workings of that magic brain  
 Swept by electric ripples swift as light,  
 By wavelets crossed which speed in constant train  
 In myriad current eddies which unite  
 In slender films that gather as they go;  
 Cohering only in a touch as slight  
 As of the sparkling particles which flow  
 Along the lightning's flash when at its brightest glow.

And as they form in each directed line,  
 Moved by the flush that governs all their way,  
 In forms of slender thread at length combine  
 To bear to outer world the magnet play  
 Which spreads the spirit charm of mind's control.  
 All in material atom's swift array  
 Tokening a living thought which forms the whole,  
 Of mold unique perchance; great Boodle's only soul.

Seen, too, the mingled avenues which lead  
 Inward through slender nerve of eye and hand  
 And ear and tongue, by atom force decreed  
 To bear impressions' tenderest command  
 In currents sentient to the centering brain;  
 There re-diffused, transformed, united and  
 Fashioned anew in reason's marshaled train  
 Speed forth the messengers of happiness or pain.

More wondrous far, each nervic thread that bears  
 Outward the god's decrees expands in light,  
 Shaping in word or sign the precious wares  
 Reserved for his elect; each token bright  
 Points to the place where plenteous treasure lies;  
 Diamonds, and silk, and spice, the long-sought site  
 Of cruder gold, the traffic hoard which flies  
 From untaught touch; here each his own heart's choice  
 espies.

And as they gaze resplendent on the walls  
 Thousands of gleaming visions spread to view,  
 Where light in myriad hue of crystal falls,  
 Disclosing wide tabernas; ever new  
 Crowds throng within, and yield large tribute there  
 To quaff the maddening nectar; lictors true,  
 Here brawny aldermen, in jewels rare,  
 Smile on the rich man's gifts, but spurn the beggar's prayer.

Now fades the scene, each picture pales from view,  
 Leaving the frame and outlines; yet appear  
 Where each taberna had been, still a few  
 Smiling attendants. Opens to the view  
 A pillared hall with cushioned seats around;  
 And soon through facile doors assemble here  
 The same bold aldermen with pompous sound;  
 And shining dollars clink, and hoarse retorts abound.

For here great Boodle's secret chancel; here  
 The creed is formed, the doctrine argued o'er,  
 The inspiration drawn with ready ear  
 From Boodle's whispers. Here alluring store  
 Of franchise, gift and privilege displayed  
 Inflames all hearts to higher zeal and more  
 Devotion. Now in serried ranks arrayed,  
 Old factions fight and fall, new factions still are made.



By some is shown a white electric beam,  
 Brightening each street and alley, bridge and hall,  
 Chasing the gloom by strong and steady gleam  
 Which erstwhile shrouded footpads, thieves and all  
 Their like. In vain, a chorus fierce exclaims:  
 "Tis Boodle's light, this villain plan must fall,"  
 Then whispering low—"We dare not face the blame  
 Of voting 'yes' so soon; we're with you still the same."

Another faction points with well feigned play  
 Of deep concern, to crowded street, and throng  
 Choking all exit, transit blocked, delay,  
 Exposure, mire, expostulation strong;  
 Then shouting loud: "We need a freer space,  
 An unimpeded means to move along  
 An open route, a surer, swifter pace  
 To transport anxious crowds, each to his dwelling place."

With deeper guile is filled the answering cry,—  
 "Concern for public safety bids us go  
 "Cautiously here, wherein we can espy  
 "A trace of Boodle. Better to be slow  
 "In yielding franchise on monopoly."  
 Soft whispering then "Tis safer to vote 'no';  
 "Constituents' eyes are watchful, and can see  
 "What motives govern 'yes,' however close we be."

Beneath the god's outstretched and sheltering hand  
 A special chapel fills a deep recess,  
 Screened by a folding curtain. Ready stand  
 Attendant priests to welcome all who press  
 For privileged admittance, tolling each  
 With word and touch restraining all excess,  
 For here emblazoned scenes are spread, which teach  
 Great Boodle's lessons clear, and all his doctrines preach.

A spacious structure rises; hall and floor  
 And rooms unnumbered open to the eye;  
 Parlor and vestibule and corridor,  
 Pantry and kitchen, well-stocked larder nigh;  
 Chapel and lawn, and fuel's ample pile,  
 Clothing for work and rest in full supply  
 Suggest large outlay and resource, the while  
 Inspire the boodle soul with thought of pelf and guile.

And gathered here a strange and varied crowd,  
 Dissimilar in action, tone and speech;  
 Abnormal all; some mute, some ever loud  
 And restless; in the lowering eye of each  
 A settled gleam; some wandering listless o'er  
 The level sward; again some vainly reach  
 To seize the moon or star, or vacant pore  
 O'er the full page, but thence can draw but scanty store.

But helpless all to shield their vacant day  
 From the strong cunning of a boodle mind.  
 Pictured beneath far other scenes display,  
 Visions and persons of a different kind.  
 For here a banquet spread with flowers and wine  
 Tells the disposal of the store designed  
 For the mind—crippled; the revelers combine  
 To shield each others crimes by vows at Boodle's shrine.

Companion picture;—cots and beds are laid  
 In solemn rows, in chambers clean and pure,  
 And all in spotless coverings arrayed,  
 Enticing health and rest and speedy cure  
 To bodies racked by fell disease and pain,  
 And loss of limb, forever to endure  
 A life dependent, and that dreary strain  
 Which fetters all the maimed, for whom few hopes remain.

Here prescient care abundant means supplies  
 For ease or pain, for gentle nurture. Here  
 Soft hands and hearts with gentle touch and wise,  
 Apply such remedies as best appear,  
 And coax back strength with generous food and wine,  
 The kindly smile, the word that casts out fear,  
 The strength-transmitting touch, the strong design  
 Transfusing mind's control in law of life combine.

But wine and cheer entice the boodle soul ;  
 It longs to seize the tender gifts prepared  
 For suffering and want; sighs to control  
 Their sources. Boodle's votaries ensnared  
 To this foul chapel view the scene portrayed  
 Of this good cheer and gentle gifts, all shared  
 By devotees whose artifice has made  
 Their only home and hope within the temple's shade.

On the third side a comely priestess stands,  
 Nude to the waist and with uncovered limb,  
 Holding a double curtain in her hands,—  
 While the full light pours down not soft nor dim—  
 Ready for pay to draw the curtain free.  
 Here female forms as true as life and slim,  
 Reclining, dancing, toying merrily;—  
 Beneath, imprinted large, “For those who worship me.”

With joyous smile and wide dilated eye  
 And arching neck each bends to view the scene,  
 While quickened pulse and half emitted sigh  
 Tell the seductive power each siren queen  
 And tablet pose enforce upon the soul.  
 Slowly the lingering line withdraws, between  
 Halting and wavering, 'till at length the whole  
 Impassioned crowd is pressed to other priests' control.

Full in the view of those who here retire,  
 In open aisle, where all may freely gaze,  
 And all imbibe the tenets which inspire  
 Great Boodle's minions, and impress his praise  
 On every tongue, bright life-size tablets glare.  
 The meaning clear, the bold, enticing ways,  
 Which proffer wealth to all who seek to know  
 How to secure the gifts which from his bounty flow.

The field of springs. A legislative hall;  
 A restless conclave stirred by sharp debate;  
 Alternate fiery speech and formal call  
 Of names, and cries of 'aye' or 'no,' create  
 A sense of pride in freedom's lusty voice;  
 The open look, the fearless mien, sedate  
 And forceful, laud the pure and public choice  
 Of champions for the right, and bid its friends rejoice.

Within the chamber, sternly watching near,  
 Sit Boodle's priests, arrayed in vesture gay;  
 From them mysterious sentient lines appear  
 To reach debater's ears; their mutual play  
 Denotes concerted action. Sympathy  
 Thrills through these lines as swells the wordy fray.  
 Dull exoteric eyes no sign can see:  
 From esoteric souls dispelled all mystery.

Arrayed around the jealous priests observe  
 Contending reasonings' alternate force,  
 And as the argued interests sway and swerve,  
 Infuse new life into the struggle's course,  
 As Boodle's secret motive may command.  
 And they, long deemed a commonwealth's resource  
 To fight for right divine, are seen to stand  
 Boodle's obedient slaves,—his gifts within their hand.

Widens the scene. These pictures all effaced

A grander dome reveals its towering lines  
High o'er a spreading pile, and proudly traced

To crown a nation's capital. Combines  
Supremacy with vastness in its spread.

Gathered beneath, the power, the high designs  
By countless minor thinkings sourced and fed  
That speak a people's mind,—the living and the dead.

Assembled here beneath the ample vault

The thousand plans that guide a nation's way,  
Alternate reasonings perplex, exalt,

Then guide into fair wisdom's clearer day.  
The purer light of life, the darker shade

Dimming the clearness of the holier way,  
Enable subtle promptings to be made  
By Boodle's artful priests, all skillful in their trade.

Vast is the area from hence revealed;

The mountain's gold, the treasures of Peru;  
Alaska's ice-bound secrets all unsealed,

Forest and ranch and isle exposed to view;  
Indies and oceans spread before the eye;

More than the fabled tempter ever knew,  
But to the zealous devotee brought nigh,  
Who bends to the real devil in these days throned on high.

Here, too, the votaries in rapture view

The larger ducts by which the golden stream  
Of Boodle's bounty charms, enriches, too.

Dazed they behold, as if in mystic dream,  
Sudden the potent vision's spell hath ceased,

And all with furious voice "To Pharaoh" scream.  
"Presiding host of this quadrennial feast,  
Distributor of heaven, great Boodle's arch high priest."

Hark! dauntless Sphinx, when sternest duty's call  
 Stations the watchful sabkos at the gate,  
 Crushing each column strong and patient wall,  
 The struggling throng approach their dreaded fate.  
 Swift to the portal, quell the swelling din.

Beyond— not thine the shame—expectant wait  
 Attendant priests, of stature gaunt and thin,  
 Tolling a *douceur large* ere each may pass within.

Soon in the Pharaoh's presence ranged in line,  
 The suppliants assume an aspect new.  
 Each meanest devotee at Boodle's shrine,  
 Loudest in vaunting, spreads to Pharaoh's view  
 Tokens of prowess dark with human gore;  
 Boasts of the vanquished enemies he slew;  
 Invents red triumphs in dark days of yore,  
 The dungeons he endured, the agonies he bore.

Yet even here a mild and patient few  
 Stand with a placid eye and brow serene:  
 Not vaunting, not disdainful; they review  
 In modest phrase each storied combat scene.  
 Through recent years in peaceful wisdom's way,  
 Not oblivious, not forgiving what hath been;  
 Bearing their manly homage fresh to-day.  
 Discerning Pharaoh smiles on this elect array.

Sadly the crestfall'n crowd retires, and each  
 Decries blind Boodle's impotence in tears;  
 Abjures the hated god in florid speech;  
 Vows to renounce him in the coming years;  
 High pride all humbled and close coffers void.  
 Yet when the next quadrennial feast appears,  
 Still in their patient ecstasy employed,  
 To Boodle's fetid shrine all blindly are decoyed.

Such is the fervid cult of modern days,  
    Embracing countless millions in its creed.  
The sycophantic knee, the servile phrase,  
    The pæans hymned, the devotees who bleed;  
The pilgrim throng that speed from every shore;  
    The idol formed from every human greed,  
Exhaling steam of sin from every pore;—  
Unpurchaseable Sphinx, guard thou our Pharaoh's door.

ROBERT H. VICKERS.







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